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no alternative but to continue wrong. It was his necessity. The tale was even denied; there seems no reason, however, to doubt its truth. Shakspeare—who, as all the world knows, was a better historian than many a man who would deem play-writing a profane art, and Shakspeare himself little better than one of the wicked—may have set down Tyrrell's very words as he narrated the murder:—

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless deed of butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
'Oh thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind.
But oh! the devil!—Here the villain stopped;
But Dighton thus told on:—'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation ere she framed.
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse.
They could not speak, and so I left them both
To bear thus tidings to the bloody king.'"

But the crime failed to answer its end. Richard had to pay the penalty of his crime by the forfeit of his life, and thus Nemesis was avenged. In the shame attached to Richard's name ever since—in the horror with which all have regarded it—she has had a still deeper and more enduring revenge, and the two young princes murdered in the Tower still live in the page of history and in the sympathies of men.

THE AUTHOR AND THE FRENCH PUBLISHER.

IN 1838, a young author, quite unknown to fame, called one morning early upon the worthy Ambrose Dupont, the celebrated publisher of the Rue Vivienne. The lord of the book-trade was very much in the humour, on that occasion, of a wild boar after a day's chase by fierce dogs. He received the young author literally with a growl, enough to have terrified a timid man out of the house. He coolly pulled out his manuscript, and begged the publisher to read it. Ambrose Dupont, a worthy man, though rough, refused even to look at it. The author insisted. The publisher told him to take it and himself away together. The young man politely declined; and Dupont at last, to get rid of his importunities, told him to leave his book and go.

A week later he called again, and so on for about three months, once every week, to ask the fate of his novel, which, at last, he did hear. It was not a very flattering opinion that was communicated

to him. But he only smiled, and went away. About a fortnight later he presented himself again in the ante-chamber of M. Dupont.

"What, sir," exclaimed he, "again? Methinks I told you my mind last time sufficiently clearly."

"Sir, you convinced me," said the young Jesuit; "and I have called to say that, acquiescing in your opinion, I have burnt my manuscript."

"Ah!" replied the publisher, somewhat surprised, "then I scarcely comprehend the present object of your visit."

"I have not come on my own account, but if you will spare me a few minutes—"

"Walk into my private room, sir," said Dupont.

"Sir," began the other (our readers will recollect the scene is laid in France), "you have heard of Manzoni?"

"Sir, his reputation is European. I would have given him any price for a book."

"Then, sir, allow me to say that—it is a great secret—I bring you the first volume of a translation of a new work by him."

"A whole volume?" exclaimed Dupont eagerly.

"Yes, a whole volume," said the young author.

"Will you leave it a day or two?" asked the publisher.

"No; I can only hand it to you, if sold."

"But you can read a few chapters?"

"With pleasure."

"Excuse me a moment," said Dupont; and he went out and brought a gentleman from an inner room.

The young author read a chapter; the publisher and his friend looked at each other; they smiled. Presently Ambrose Dupont interrupted the reader.

"What do you want for the book?"

"Twenty-five copies, and forty pounds a volume."

"You agree to that."

"With pleasure."

The treaty was made, an agreement drawn up and signed. The publisher was full of admiration. He addressed Soulié, the author, whom he had brought in to listen, in no hesitating language. He declared to him that it was better than any of the celebrated author's previous works; the warm atmosphere of Italy breathed forth in every page. The translator bowed and smiled.

The work went to press, the publisher read the sheets with real interest. At last the eventful day came, when the title-page was placed in his hands. He read with amazement the name of a popular French novel, "Bertrand de Born."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed angrily; "this is the title of the book I refused."

"Exactly," said the young man.

"And why have you put it to the translation?"

"It is not a translation. This is the book you refused without reading it."

Ambrose Dupont burst into a loud laugh, shook hands with the cunning fellow, and published his book, which was very successful. Such a trick would scarcely have been appreciated in this country, but as French ideas are, it was considered very natural and was generally admired, as what may be called a shrewd and clever ruse.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE intercourse between Japan and China is an interesting feature in the history of these two remarkable countries. They were at one time intimate and active, though not always friendly. The Central Empire, as Japanese writers call China, looked down upon Dai Nippon with great contempt, claiming a sovereignty over it; while, on the other hand, the Japanese looked upon the Chinese as inferior animals, below them in morals, in physical formation, and everything. They are ready to own that in letters the Chinese were beforehand with them, because they actually did receive their literary knowledge from the Celestial Nation. According to Chinese historians, civilisation was conveyed to Japan in a very curious way, by a kind of colony. We are told that, in the second century of our era, the lord of the Central Empire, having

been informed by certain learned and worthy philosophers that the herb which gave immortality grew in Japan in abundance, sent over to the island some three thousand boys and girls, who were to discover and bring back the inestimable plant. It appears, however, that the said three thousand boys and girls, being unable to find the valuable vegetable in question, and being all familiar with the summary methods of punishment in vogue in China, remained in Japan and settled there; thus, they all being fresh from school, gave the Japanese the benefit of their learning and letters. Japanese writers, however, contemptuously reject this learned explanation, and say that letters and science came *via* the Korean peninsula; an explanation neither so romantic nor so striking as the former, but, apparently, having the advantage of truth.